

Sung by Mr. Dan Beddoe

In an Old-fashioned Town

* SONG *

THE WORDS BY

ADA LEONORA HARRIS

The Music by

W. H. SQUIRE

PRICE 60 CENTS.(NET)

BOOSEY & C.

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OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 1 in G No. 2 in Ab **HOME-ALONG** No. 3 in Bb No. 4 in C

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY Music by WILFRID SANDERSON

Andante *cre-scen-do rall. f Marcato*

Home-along a-cross the hills Where the winds blow, Where we pluck'd the daffodils Long, long a-go: That's where I

p *cre-scen-do rall. f Marcato*

want to be, When life is rue— Home-along to rest at last Just there with you! Home-along to rest at last Just there with you!

cresce poco accel. f molto rit. ten. ten. f

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No. 1 in Bb No. 2 in Db **MOTHER MY OWN** No. 3 in Eb

Words by MIRIAM TEICHNER Music by EDWARD RICHARDSON CALDWELL

Slowly and with feeling *f allargando*

Sung by Mme GALLI-CURCI

The gold in her heart, The gold of her love, As radiant and pure As of angels' above. The chum of my childhood, She

f colla voce

joined in my play, And taught me the games That were laugh-filled and gay. Though some-times she sighed And was wea-ry, may be, She was

slight ritard a tempo *slight rit. a tempo*

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Dedicated to my friend Ivor Foster.

No. 1 in G No. 2 in Ab **IF I MIGHT COME TO YOU** No. 3 in Bb No. 4 in C

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY Music by W. H. SQUIRE.

Languendo

If I might on-ly kneel to you, With all my love con-fer, If I might on-ly lay my head up-

p

-on your lov-ing breast, If you would on-ly comfort me, And bid my fears have rest,

cresce *cresce* *cresce*

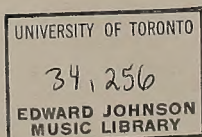
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IN AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN.

THERE's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street
In a quaint little old-fashioned town ;
There's a street where the cobble stones harass the feet,
As it straggles up hill and then down ;
And, though to and fro through the world I must go,
My heart while it beats in my breast,
Where e'er I may roam, to that old-fashioned home
Will fly back like a bird to its nest.

In that old-fashioned house in that old-fashioned street
Dwell a dear little old-fashioned pair.
I can see their two faces, so tender and sweet,
And I love ev'ry wrinkle that's there.
I love ev'ry mouse in that old-fashioned house
In the street that runs up hill and down,
Each stone and each stick, ev'ry cobble and brick
In that quaint little old-fashioned town.

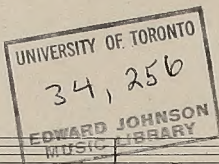
ADA LEONORA HARRIS.



IN AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN.

Words by
ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

Music by
W. H. SQUIRE.



Moderato

VOICE.

PIANO.

street where the cob-ble stones ha-rass the feet, As it straggles up hill and then

down; — And, though to and fro through the world I must go, My

heart while it beats in my breast, — Where - e'er I may roam, To that

old fash-ioned home Will fly back like a bird to its nest. —

In that

p rall.

Red.

old fash - ioned house in that old fash - ioned street Dwell a

p

sostenuto

ten.

dear lit - tle, old fash - ioned pair. I can

p

colla parte

Red.

sotto voce

see their two fa - ces, so ten - der and sweet, And I

dim.

mp

mf

love ev - 'ry wrin - kle that's there. I love ev - 'ry mouse in that

old fash - ioned house, In the street that runs up hill and

down, Each stone and each stick, Ev - 'ry cob - ble and brick In that

quaint, lit - tle, old fash - ioned town.

OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

THE BAREFOOT TRAIL

Words by **MARIAN PHELPS** Music by **ALVIN S. WIGGERS**

Sung by **Mr. JOHN McCORMACK**

Molto, with expression

On the bare-foot trail goes wind-ing Thro' the years of mem-o-ry. The past and the pres-ent bind-ing, In a won-der-ful dream for me. And I seem to be back in my child-hood days, A lad with a freckled nose Who is thread-ing the bare-foot wild-wood ways With a lassie who's like a rose.

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DUNA

Words by **MARJORIE PICKTHALL** Music by **JOSEPHINE MCGILL**

Sung by **Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH**

Con moto about (♩ = 1)

When I was a lit-tle lad With fol-ly on my lips, Fair was I, for journeying All the seas in ships. But now across the southern swell, Every dawn I hear— The lit-tle streams of Du-na running clear, The lit-tle streams of

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THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO YOU

Words by **FRED E. WEATHERLY** Music by **W. H. SQUIRE**

Moderato Slower

It's the same old road for all men, It's the same for rich and poor, There are dear eyes at the win-dow, There are true hands at the door. It's the road I'm always seek-ing, In the gray light or the blue, It's the

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